

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

London

Opinions On
Alaska.

The London Standard does not approve of the Journal's remarks on the Alaskan boundary matter. "A nasty article" it calls our editorial of Monday on the subject, and it adds:

Doubtless the Democrats would welcome a substitute for silver and anti-imperialism, with which they evidently cannot face the country, but this new line of policy will not serve. Americans sympathize with England because it is their natural instinct to do so. They can no more help it than England could have helped sympathizing with the United States in the war with Spain. The question of Alaska falls into a different category, and is of a commercial character. It is governed by rights, not by sentiment. Hence it is exceptionally susceptible to calm adjustment.

The Standard is mistaken if it thinks that the Journal is trying to make the retention of our national domain a political issue. There can be no political issue where there is no division of sentiment. Certainly President McKinley, who has sent 65,000 men to the Philippines to maintain our rights under a treaty a year old, would not think of abandoning our rights on our own continent under a treaty concluded thirty-two years ago. The Journal has no political expectations in that quarter, nor does it need any. Its Internal Policy contains issues enough for a winning Democratic campaign next year.

So our London contemporary regards the possession of the soil of a nation as a question "of a commercial character." That is interesting. In that case England will probably be willing to set a price on the Welland Canal, with the strip of territory between it and the Niagara River. If she will, we may be able to come to terms, provided the price is reasonable.

The Wreck
of the
Charleston.

The loss of the Charleston is a severe blow to a navy that has been unusually fortunate in the preservation of its ships. We lost a number of vessels of the old navy—the Onondaga, the Huron, the Trenton, the Vandavia and others—but until now the only ship of the new navy to go down has been the Maine, which was destroyed by treachery.

The fate of the Charleston derives particular interest from the fact that she was the first modern war vessel to be built on the Pacific Coast, and one of the first to be built in the United States. Her construction was an experiment. The Union Iron Works, her builders, were not only totally destitute of experience in building war ships, but had had hardly any experience in the construction of steel vessels of any kind. One small coasting steamer, the Arago, and a caisson for the drydock at the Mare Island Navy Yard constituted the extent of their achievements in that line. Many thought they were unduly venturesome in taking the contract for the Charleston. But the work was carried out to perfection, and from that beginning the Union Iron Works developed into one of the greatest shipbuilding establishments in America—turning out in succession the San Francisco, the Monterey, the Olympia, the Oregon and the Marietta, each of which has distinguished herself by winning a world's record in her own class.

The Charleston was the first ship of the new navy to be engaged in anything like warlike operations. She left San Francisco mysteriously one night, equipped for battle, and chased the Itata to recover a cargo of surreptitiously shipped arms from the Chilian revolutionists. On the way she encountered the Esmeralda, the prototype from whose designs her own and those of all other cruisers of her class had been developed, and there was a time when things looked very like a fight.

The country is happy in the knowledge that no lives have been lost in the wreck of the Charleston, but it will hope that the ship herself may be saved. She is too valuable a vessel in herself and has too many interesting associations to be willingly spared.

Cuba's
Industrial
Regeneration.

The commission appointed by the Board of Agriculture of Cuba to represent and further the economic interests of Cuba in this country is about to begin its work. The greatest need of the island now is industrial rehabilitation. The American commanders are doing good work in cleaning streets, preserving order and improving communications, but all this will amount to little unless the people can make a living. The great industries of the island were destroyed during the revolution, and they must be set on their feet again before the country can be in a really healthy condition.

What is needed is the introduction of American capital to re-establish the sugar industry, restore the slaughtered live stock, build railroads and set production in all lines going. Cuba is so rich in natural resources that it needs nothing but a start to develop a luxurious prosperity. A few million dollars lent on the plantations would bring next year's crop up to the dimensions of the crop before the revolution. This is the opportunity of a lifetime to take the industries of Cuba out of the hands of the Europeans who control them now and establish them on a solid American basis. Let our capitalists not neglect it.

It will be an unfortunate family indeed that is not able to roast a fine, fat turkey for Thanksgiving. Last year the Beef Trust attempted to corner turkeys. The attempt failed. This year turkeys are so plentiful that they are cheaper than beef or pork.

So long as the national fowl persists in remaining uncornered, the President can proclaim Thanksgiving with some degree of truth.

Brooklyn's
Jabberwock
Transit
System.

The patience of the Brooklyn public is being severely tried by President Rossiter's Jabberwock system of "rapid transit."

This system, or rather lack of system, with its slower service, enforced double fares, stair climbing, unjust discrimination in transfers and general debility, is one of the most remarkable failures that ever emanated from the brain of even a trolley line president.

More remarkable than all else is its defence by Rossiter. He says: "I have been riding about the city in my carriage, and I fail to see how any one can get better service."

Let Mr. Rossiter come to the New York end of the Bridge at 6 p. m. and attempt to get to Flushing ten minutes quicker than under the old system, as he advertises. If he does not arrive in Flushing twenty minutes behind his present schedule of "reform," any number of Flushing passengers will offer to pay his carriage hire back to the city.

The same thing pertains to the Bay Ridge section. There is absolutely no class of passengers benefited by the change. If stair-climbing and double fares and a discrimination in transfers increase the rapidity of travel, why not put the system in operation at every road crossing and elevated station?

Mr. Rossiter's scheme, if it may be judged by the number of passengers it injures, is a dire and dismal failure.

The stockholders may be benefited by the two-fare system, but the company is doubly injured in other directions. Instead of building up the suburbs the company appears to be pulling them down.

The
New Boy
Not a
Failure.

Philosophy within limitations is a fine thing. But occasionally philosophy turns backward in its flight and runs directly against every current of evidence and every rock of statistics it can bump against.

In knowledge, wisdom and the power of understanding we are growing more precocious with every passing decade.

Yet Professor Edward Howard Griggs, formerly of Leland Stanford, Jr., University of California, says that we do not know how to raise children on scientific principles.

Before the convention of the New York State Society for Child Study he expressed a sympathetic understanding with the boy who lies a tin can to a dog's tail.

At the same time Professor Griggs seemed to regard the tying of tin cans to dogs' tails as a lost art.

A few weeks ago Governor Roosevelt in a speech expressed an admiration for the fighting boy. He, too, seemed to think that fighting boys were a thing of the past.

These two worthy philosophers have apparently lost touch with the world of youth.

The new boy fights just as much and ties just as many tin cans to dogs' tails as during the youth of Griggs and Roosevelt. But the new boy is better, smarter and more enlightened now than ever before. He is progressing in a ratio with the new man and the new woman. The world is better because of him.

Nowadays when he fights he does so on scientific principles. When he ties a tin can to a dog's tail the can probably contains fire-crackers or lyddite.

The Society for Child Study cannot improve upon the new boy.

Legal
Strabismus
in
New Jersey.

For the third time within the past year the New Jersey courts have fixed the value of a four-year-old child at one dollar.

This is the amount finally awarded to Abraham L. Graham for the killing of his child by the Consolidated Traction Company, of Jersey City.

If a four-year-old child is worth only one dollar, a new born New Jersey babe is worth about two cents. A man old enough to vote is worth six dollars, and the solemn and owl-like Judge who renders these decisions is worth almost \$33, according to his own ruling.

A few weeks ago a New Jersey jury awarded a boy a fine sum for damages sustained by the loss of an arm. Likewise for the loss of an arm, in identically the same manner, it awarded a girl only half as much.

Taking this for a basis of comparison, a girl baby is worth only a penny.

While New Jersey courts are not at all partial to children, they have no hesitation in protecting "infant industries" of the trust variety to the amount of hundreds of dollars yearly.

Strabismus in our neighbor State is becoming chronic.

TALKS WITH JOURNAL READERS.

Woman's Gorgeous Clothes.

Editor of the New York Journal:
Do you not think it is time to protest against the gorgeous colors of women's gowns, wraps and hats, as seen at the horse show? Is it not a huge exhibition of vulgarity? Pheasants and peacocks were never so dazzling in plumage as these women of the so-called "400."

I have seen more tastefully gowned women behind the counters of department stores. Men are much better dressed.
MRS. E. L. V.
Philadelphia, Nov. 14.

There is an old society axiom that nothing fashionable can be in bad taste. If gorgeous gowns are worn by the devotees of fashion they must, therefore, be in good taste. If we are to believe in fashion's infallibility.

It is the privilege of woman to deck herself out in rainbow attire for the purpose of conquest. Although she may not realize it, this is her fundamental intent.

Darwin accords to the female of most feathered creatures an artist's eye, far surpassing in appreciation of color harmonies that of mankind.

This accounts for the beautiful ocellated plumage of the Argus pheasant and the peacock, which they parade in style before their sober-clad wives.

Woman probably has the same artistic eye, but being unable to induce her ex-lord and master to don chromatic clothes, she does the next best thing and wears them herself.

About Woman's Conscience.

Editor of the New York Journal:
The assertion of Mrs. Alden in to-day's Journal that "Woman Lacks Conscience," and the vigorous and forcible replies from her own sex to the contrary, justify some comment upon it from the opposite sex.

At the outset, I wish to emphasize the fact that woman was created and ought to be the equal of man as to her rights and privileges. But unfortunately she is not. And why? Simply because man is considered a privileged character and is recognized as the superior of woman. This is an innate and inherited belief which we hope will die out gradually.

Time and time again has the cause of the "weak sex" been defended by liberal and unprejudiced thinkers. In spite of all the hindrances in her growth and mental development, has woman not distinguished herself in the fields of art, literature, and even politics?

Her sense of feeling and emotion is keener than man's. Treat her kindly and act to please her and she will appreciate it more than any masculine creature is capable of doing.
W. T.
New York, Nov. 13.

The opinions of correspondents of the Journal like Mr. Alden, Mr. Ingalls and many others are not necessarily our opinions.

We believe that nine-tenths of whatever virtues mankind may possess come from the mothers of men. We owe to women our early training, which develops or kills conscience, and which buries or brings into prominence our sense of right and wrong.

Men may have heavier brains than women, may build locomotives and conquer continents, and evolve great governments and civilizations, but woman is the beacon light, the incentive, the standing, ever living argument for conscience purity and all that is good in manhood.

A Limburger Cheese Argument.

Editor of the New York Journal:
I saw in the Journal yesterday a story about a girl being discharged for bringing Limburger cheese to the factory where she worked for her lunch.

I have had the same trouble. I am fond of Limburger and I take it to the cloak house where I work and eat it for lunch, with black bread. I have got into a great deal of trouble about it. Others being greedy, which I do not like, and heat cold cabbage over the gas stove, but I do not say anything to them. Should I stop it? It does not smell badly to me.
ISAAC LEBVITSKY.
New York, Nov. 11.

All men are created equal, but not in the matter of appetites. Some are born with appetites, some achieve appetites, and some have appetites thrust upon them. We suppose that your fellow workmen place themselves in the latter category.

We cannot consistently defend Limburger cheese. It is strong enough to defend itself. It is the Sandwich of cheese. There are scientists who say that its peculiar odor is by reason of the cure to which it is subjected. There are others who claim with some degree of truth that it never survived the cure.

At any rate, it is an acquired taste, and we suggest that you retire discreetly at lunch time and wrestle with the problem alone.

Teachers Must Appeal to the Voters.

Editor of the New York Journal:
Had Mr. Whalen given his decision before election it would have been a cause of 10,000 votes less for his party.

Under the Albany bill every Board can fix salaries within the maximum. Let the teachers get together and influence their friends to vote for the party that furthers legislation for them, or close the schools till the demands are gratified. Then the people will aid them in their just cause.

If this bill favored policemen or firemen there would be no objection, but because the women cannot vote their pay is withheld, and there is no class of people who work as they do.

Teachers, make your demands emphatic among the voters.
J. R. BROWN.
Brooklyn, Oct. 9.

England's Professed Love for Us.

Editor of the New York Journal:
As an American, who loves the land of his adoption, I thank you for your editorial in to-day's issue on the true reason for England's love for America. Why not have the editorial printed on toned paper and given with a Sunday's edition of the Journal? It ought to be framed in every household in the land. Yours truly,
JOHN J. BEALIN.
No. 493 West Forty-sixth street.

She Said Yes in a Hurry.

The beautiful young girl hesitated to marry the ugly old man.

"They say you have a bad heart!" she faltered. "Yes, I'm liable to fall dead any minute," he answered with apparent candor.

Now at last gave she her consent, for in her innocence she believed him.

More marriages are affairs of the heart than we sometimes think, perhaps.—Detroit Journal.

EARL IS SHY IN THE NEW
COMEDY, SAYS ALAN DALE.

Yarmouth Makes Amends for the Impropriety of "Make Way for the Ladies," Although the Piece Has Some Good, Hearty Laughs in It.

In addition to the Criterion, Empire, Garrick, Garden and other houses managed by Mr. Charles Frohman, that redoubtable and dauntless gentleman has at last managed to get his book into the House of Lords. Impelled to ele-



COURTESY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

vate the stage by lifting it up to the dizzy heights of titled society, this manager of energy, whose motto is Art for art's sake—occasionally has rescued from the Hopper 'Ouse a real person with a title, the noble Earl of Yarmouth. It was at Newport that this rich young creature first discovered that he could act. It was from that resource that he learned Frohmanward, as we all learn when we feel the divine afflatus. Did Mr. Frohman hesitate? No. I say no. Seizing the noble Earl, and with the door of the House of Lords open in his mind, he took him beneath his wing. Never shall it be said of Mr. Frohman that he scorned the nobility in distress. He saw the double opportunity of polishing up his comedians by contact with the titles and of giving to the people a chance to see that which even Mr. Huber has never yet had. For Huber and Doris, freighted with Dog-Faced Boys and Lion-Faced Lydies, have never yet possessed an Earl. Oh, the sweet possibilities of the future, when Mr. Frohman's hereditary legislators—when, at rehearsal, they will work in sweet harmony with the House of Commons, and the "right little lady" will be ruled from the "one-night stands."

It was a grand moment for me when I went to the Madison Square Theatre last night to see "Make Way for the Ladies." Hitherto my only souvenir of Yarmouth has been in the shape of blotters. This time I saw an Earl. It was a nasty, snowy night, but what cared I? I had a gilded, "tristocratic" sort of sensation that defied the elements. I felt as I imagine the ambitious maidens feel when they are presented at court. I bowed to the usher who conducted me to my seat. I saluted to the youth who handed me a programme. Even more excited was I than on that halcyon day when I first viewed Madame la Baronne Blanc.

The noble Yarmouth was luxuriously set among a few excellent actors, and several unexcelled ones. He looked to be a rather good sort—if I may make so bold (can Earls be good sorts?) And in his little part of a bespeckled husband of a lady doctor, he walked about the stage like a real live amateur, sat down like a school of acting graduate, and said "Ha! Ha!" with wonderful grace. Of course, it would be absurd to compare him just at present with Irving or Mansfield, but I venture to say that he can hold his own with them. His little beats Irving's any way, and Mansfield has none at all. There was a sort of suave enjoyment writ upon the face of the audience as poor young Yarmouth began to speak his piece. And before the evening was over, I will wager

and that his people know what sort of a play he has elected to appear in. "Make Way for the Ladies" has one act which—to put it mildly—is full of odors. Some may call it frank, others may say it is realistic, but Yarmouth's good old ancestry would have considered it offensive. It may be jolly entertainment to see a leading man behaving himself like an enraged tomat, but it is not good form. The conduct of conscienceless fellows need not necessarily be imitated in a drawing room. But the impropriety of this farce exists in one act only, and you need not titter about it, for Yarmouth is there as a diversion.

In a French farce a man has but one idea in this world. Apparently he lives for nothing else. The precious husband personated by Fritz Williams, "starved from love," as he so prettily puts

some amateur, and was supported by a Miss Bow-wow—or some such name—and a Miss Rothe. Little May Lambert again proved that she is a prize and that she doesn't depend upon a rank for success. Her work was charming. And May Galyer as a pert maid scored a hit. James Kearney and Sam Reed distinguished themselves, and Nellie Butler as a kissable laundress looked it.

I hope Mr. Frohman will not startle us by securing that poor little Countess Russell, whom I saw in London last summer. She is to be had for the asking, and as soon as she has been interviewed and discussed—she can seek a non de plume, as the shy young Earl has done. Eric Hope! Ah! hope is a sweet word! Hope on, Hope, evermore! But this morning I shall feel my breakfast bloater with keen gusto, for it came from Yarmouth. Bloater or actor—which do I prefer? It is a riddle, but perhaps I have considered it. "Rab for the 'Ouse of Lords!"

ALAN DALE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—In giving his testimony before the Industrial Commission today, John W. Gates, managing director of the American Steel & Wire Company, advocated subsidies to steamship lines and to national corporations of \$5,000,000 in capitalization and over. He declared that he would have the corporations pay liberally for such charters in the beginning and then have them pay large sums annually for the continuance of the franchise, increasing the amount as the capitalization grew until the annual fee should be no less than \$10,000,000 for a company capitalized at \$100,000,000. He advocated Government supervision of all such corporations.

Mr. Gates said the protective tariff had had much to do with building up the iron and steel industry, and that the continuance of the policy was necessary to the future prosperity of the industry.

The witness gave an interesting account of his effort to effect a consolidation of all the wire producing countries, including all the European nations. He said he had visited Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and other countries for this purpose. Germany he found to be the principal competitor. England's work in that respect not being sufficient to deserve serious consideration. In Germany the one source of fear in manufacturing centres was competition with the United States, and bounties and subsidies were given on every hand to hold up the manufacturing interests of that country.

The German manufacturers first proposed that in case of an international consolidation the United States should be content with twenty-five per cent of the product. This he had declined, and they had afterward increased the allowance to fifty-five per cent. He had run away from Berlin to avoid accepting this allowance. He had himself represented the possibility of increasing prices to the extent of about \$10 per ton in case of the proposed amalgamation, but found that the Germans had in view an increase of about \$20 per ton.

In this connection Mr. Gates commented in high terms the German method of encouraging the producing and exporting interests, saying that if the Government of the United States would adopt the plan there pursued they soon would be doing ninety per cent of the iron and steel business of the world.

Mr. Gates said that his consolidation had been effected last January. A number of plants that could not be operated had been shut down. The company employs 36,000 men and wages had been increased on an average of forty per cent, he asserted. The company did not, he said, recognize the trades unions, dealing with its men as individuals, and would not recognize the unions as such. He said the company controlled all the barbed wire patents and had a monopoly in this respect. On this product a higher charge was made than on other products because of the monopoly of the patents. This was because of the money spent in the acquisition. Generally speaking, the advance in wire products had been only proportionate to the increase of the prices of raw material and of wages. He considered that all these advances had been due to demand and supply, and not to the combination.

Indeed, he asserted that the American Company

that the netre audience would have fawned at Mr. Frohman's feet and thanked him. Personally, I must say that I had a rich treat. Being a pauper, and a worker, I have hitherto been shut out from titled joys. I have heard of lords dukes and things in the "Family Herald," but I don't believe I should ever have seen one had it not been for Mr. Frohman. I hope he will engage the entire aristocracy, and disgust the ungrateful denizens of the Bialto!

Mr. the Earl was not the only feature of "Make Way for the Ladies." The play itself is entitled to a line or two. (Now, please, please don't be angry. I must say something about the play, you know.) It is a farce from two French pens, and it deals with the would-be supremacy of women over men. But really I hope that Mr. the Earl is moral-proof

of the Bialto!

There is a court-room scene, in which Miss Robson is the best member of the feminine cast. There was no flaw in her work. The part might have been written for her. As this is true of nearly every character that Miss Robson plays—it is pretty safe to admit that it is due to her own inordinate ability. I have never seen a better man-woman than Mme. Pompon. Fritz Williams was another shining light. If the Earl had not been an Earl, I should have said that Fritz could give him lessons in every solitary less-than-thing. But it is a case of "if" again. Oh, that title!

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